

Newcastle

I wander through each quayside way
Near where the flowing Tyne holds sway
And mark in ev'ry lad and lass
Marks of joy and happiness.
In ev'ry voice, in ev'ry ban
In ev'ry call that greets my ear
With lilting dialects elan
Proud Northerner's freedom I hear.
But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot unwed
Chats and flirts to make lads leer
Who later bless her single bed.